POEMS.

BY

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Master of Arts,

(Somtimes)

Of Clare-Hall in Cambridge.

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M. DC. XLVI.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

As well by the merit of vertue, as desert of birth, MILDMAY, *Earle of Westmerland*, Baron *Despenser*, and *Bergherst*.

MY LORD,

BE E *pleased to shed one beame on these tender sprigs of Lawrell, which will raise them up to that growth, that their shadow will be able to skreen me from the heat of censure, I have (through a throng of other businesse) pressed so farre as to present them to your view; my zeale to be knowne to your Lordship (who is knowne to be the publike Assertor of Letters) oblig'd me to offer them up to your name, and if you think the sacrifice not worthy of the Altar, let it be burnt, and the flame of it will be so happie as to give me light to see my errour that durst presume to consecrate things of so low an*

eſtimate, without either ſap or verdure, to the ſhelter of ſo high a Patron; ſo ſhall I (by my humility) entitle my ſelfe to your pity, that could not (by my Poeſie) endeare my ſelfe to your praiſe; for I know (my Lord) that your mercy and juſtice are ſo equally wound up together, that you can at once both judge and forgive, him who ſhall aſpire to no further happineſſe then to be acknowledged

The humbleſt of your Servants,

Thomas Philipott.

To the Reader.

READer, thou mayſt without affrightment look
Within the pages of this guiltleſſe Book;
For here no Satyr, maſquing in diſguiſe,
Amongſt theſe leaves in Ambuſcado lies:
No Snake does lurk amongſt theſe flowers, to caſt
Her poyſon forth, and mens faire honours blaſt;
And though ſome ſtaine the paper, when they write,
And ſo defile, and fully its chaſte white
With lines of luſt, that to wipe out that ſin,
It even wants white to do its penance in;
Yet I no Goats bloud in my ink will ſpill,
To make looſe lines flow from my tainted Quill;
No ſoot or gall I'll mingle, to poſſeſſe
My words with an invective bitterneſſe,
Although (perchance) to make them ſeeme more tart,
I may ſome ſalt to ſeaſon them impart:
No, no, the wooll o'th' Lamb I'll only take,
And that my principall'ſt Ingredient make:
So that what ere my teeming Pen ſhall vent,
Shall, though not wittie, yet be innocent.

T. P.

To the Authour.

ENCOMIASTICON.

'TIs Poetrie thou writ'ſt, Latines call't Verſe,
Becauſe it turnes off Active, ſmooth and Terſe,
Greeks call'em Rithme, and Metre, when in ſweet
Numbers, and meaſure they do fitly meet;
Theſe riſe, and bravely flie,
Height'ned by Phantaſie,
And make true Poeſie,
Which many miſſe, that trie.
A Poet as thou art, (I may be ſworne) Poeta naſcitur, non fit.
Was not ſo made, but rather ſo was borne.

And I may ſay, when I read many a line,
Grac'd with high influence, thou art divine;
The various ſtyle endeares it to us more,
Embroyd'red with Conceptions ampleſt ſtore,
Wits curious Tapeſtrie,
Hymnes, Paſt'ralls, Elegies,
Obſervatives, Divinitie,
Philoſophick Scrutinies;
It may be cal'd a FLORILEGE for all,
That have not time for ſtudies generall.

Philomuſus.

T. C.

On

POEMS.

On the beholding his face in a Glaſſe.

SVre if this Mirrour has limn'd out to me
My faces true and faithfull imagerie,
My cheeks do yet lye fallow, and my brow
Is not yet furrow'd with Times rugged plow;
No haire, as yet, has cloath'd my naked chin,
Nor wrinckle rumpell'd, or purl'd up my skin;
Nor has my head one haire, by Cares expence,
White with the powder of Experience:
But when more yeares ſhall fit on me, and age
Shall dreſſe me with his liverie, and engage
This ſtructure of my fleſh to droop, and cares
Shall into reverend gray have di'd my haires,
And I agen (perhaps) expoſe my face
To the impartiall cenſure of my glaſſe,
My ſhadow will enforme me, that it beares
(Like me) th'impreſſions too of many yeares,
When ſhivering agues do congeale the bloud,
And feavers melt again that purple flood:
When I lye floating in a ſea of rheume,
Being toſt with everie melancholy fume:
This by its wither'd aſpect will declare
It ſymptomes does of the ſame ſickneſſe weare:
Nay, when ſterne death with a rude hand does ſeek
To pluck the Roſes out from either cheek,
To plant his Lillies there, and does diſpenſe
To everie languiſhing, and vanquiſh'd ſenſe,

A chill benumming damp: could I then view
The ſad reſemblance of that aſhie hue,
That blaſts my cheeks, that ſhadow would put on
The ſame appearance of complexion.
How brittle and how tranſitorie then
Are all thoſe props that Nature leanes on, when
I from this faithfull Mirrour can deſcry,
My ſhadow is as permanent as I?

On the ſight of a Clock.

HOw fruitleſſe our deſignes would prove, if we
Should be poſſeſt with ſo much vanitie,
As with our fraile endeavours, to aſſay
To ſtop the winged houres in their way?
Or fondly ſeek to chaine up Time, and try
To make him with our wild deſires comply,
Since leaden plummets hung upon his feet,
Not clog we ſee, but make his pace more fleet.

On a Gentlewoman dying in Child-bed of an abortive Daughter.

WHat neare alliance was between the grave
Of this dead infant, and the place that gave
Firſt life to't? Here was a ſad myſterie
Work'd up it ſelfe, both Life and Death, we ſee,
Were Inmates in one houſe, making the womb,
At once become a Birth-place and a Tomb?
The mother too, as if ſhe meant t'improve,
In everie fatall circumſtance her love,
When this unpoliſht infant di'd, her breath
Reſign'd, that ſhe might wait on it in death:
And in one Monument might ſleep by her,
To whom before ſhe was a Sepulcher.

On a Gentlewoman much deformed with the ſmall pox.

WHat hath this prettie Faire miſdone,
That angrie Heaven ſo ſoone
Miſtook the fatall place,
And buried all her beautie in her face?

Each hole may be a Sepulcher,
Now fitly to inter
Thoſe, whom her coy diſdaine,
And nice contempt, has immaturely ſlaine.

Yet leſt ſo great a loſſe ſhould lack,
Its ceremonious black,
She weares it in her eyes,
To mourne at her owne Beauties Obſequies.

She needs no gloſſe to veile thoſe ſcars,
And thoſe Hebrew Characters,
Which (like letters) do diſplay
The ſtorie of her Beauties ſad decay.

That moyſture ſhall embalme 'hem, I
Will powre from either eye,
So that thoſe ſcars ſhe weares,
Shall need no other Ceruſe, but my teares.

On Julia, *throwing ſnow-balls at him.*

WHilſt *Iulia* did her ſnow-balls at me hit,
She did into my boſome too tranſmit
A ſudden flame; 'tis ſtrange that heat ſhould flow
From ſuch a froſtie principle, as ſnow:

Sure

Sure thoſe ſucceſſive glances which did riſe
From the bright Orbs of her refulgent eyes,
Made ſome impreſſion on thoſe balls, and ſo
Subverted the cold property of ſnow:
Yet as that flame which in my heart did reigne
And darted fire from thence on every veine,
Was caus'd by ſnow. ſo when I did but reſt
My hand upon the Alps of her white breſt,
The ſnow that lay diſpers'd o're that chaſt ſeat,
Straight curb'd the uproare of my former heat.
Strange miracle, my *Julia* has the art
At once with ſnow to heat and coole my heart.

To Sir Henry New, *upon his re-edifying the Church of Charleton in Kent.*

SIR;

YOu need no Parian or Egyptian ſtone
To build a Tomb for you, your name alone
Shall ſtand, your monument which ſhall out vie
Thoſe fading Trophies in ſtabilitie,
You have the baſis of no ſtructures fixt
On widdowes ruins, or the mortar mixt
With Orphans tears, you wiſh the melting skies
May wet your fields, and not your tenants eyes,
Moyſten it with their deaw, you build no ſhrine
To laviſh riot, where ſin's made divine,
And Idoliz'd, you ſacrifice no wealth
At *Bacchus* Altar, nor give up your health
An offering to't, or to evacuate rheume
Do you exhale whole mannors into fume;
No Sir, you have imploid your coyne ſo well,
That God himſelfe will be accountable
For what y'ave ſpent, y'ave laid your treaſure in
So inacceſſible a Magazin;
No ſacrilegious robber ſhall purloine
Or ruſt embaſe the value of your coine:

Y'ave

Y'ave built a houſe where God himſelfe will dwell,
And ſtand himſelfe there his own Centinell;
Let others ſit and brood upon that Ore
Which they've collected from the Indian ſhore,
And put themſelves to the expence of care,
For a wild unthrift, you make God your heire.

On the ſight of a Rivelet, that eight foot off from its Fountain diſ-embogues it ſelfe into the Medway.

NO ſooner did this pregnant ſpring diſtill
Out of her watry womb this purling rill,
But ſee how eagerly it ruſhes downe
It ſelfe, in Medwayes neighbouring ſtreame to drowne;
And even at its firſt birth falls upon
A ruinous precipitation;
Like ſome unwarie heire, who being of age
To act an unthrifts part, upon the ſtage
O'th world, and newly wean'd from the imbrace
Of his deceaſed Parent, does deface
His heritage with riot, and makes haſt
To let himſelf looſe into laviſh waſt,
Powring out his Revenues, to advance
Vice in each gay and pompous circumſtance,
With ſuch profuſeneſſe, that he ſtraight is found
Plung'd in the Vſerers books, and there he's drown'd:
And as the river when it has inlarg'd
Its channell with that rill the ſpring diſcharg'd
Into its liquid womb, gliding away
With thankleſſe ſpeed, its vaſſalage to pay
To the blew Sea-god, does no more reflect,
But ſteales by th' ſpring that fed, it with neglect;
Ev'n ſo the uſerer when his bags ſwell high
And grow affected with a pluriſie,

Which

Which was with this looſe unthrifts ruines fed,
And (like ſome flies) from his corruptions bred,
Calls in each wandring glance, and paſſing by
He ne're looks back, leſt it be with an eye
Of ſcorne, not pity, nor will deigne to know
Him from whoſe ſpring his ſtreames of wealth did flow.

On M. Jo. Joſcelin, *dying of a Feaver.*

WHat heat was this wch ſcorch'd my *Joſcelins* heart?
And lick'd that oyle up which each vitall part
Is daily moiſt'ned with? what heaps of flames
Checquer'd the azure front'ſpice of his veines
With crimſon ſpots? how did their fervour purle
His ſinewes? and his skins faire margent curle
Into a ſhrivell'd lump? as if that he
Was even growne Ætna's epitome,
And might be licens'd to be canoniz'd
Now for a Saint, ſince he was ſacrific'd
To death in fire, and had even undergone
By frying, with a Feaver, martyrdome,
Which did each part with ſuch continuance burne,
His bed it ſelfe was ev'n become his urne?
Yet could my teares this priviledge have gain'd,
To have appeas'd that ravenous flame which raign'd
Within him, he had not been yet poſſeſt
With the cold ſleep, nor gone ſo ſoone to reſt:
But this accrues yet to his future glorie,
When time ſhall read the annals of his ſtorie,
'Twill find, it was no abject maladie
That forc'd his active ſpirit hence, to fly
Into th' Elyſian ſhades, no trembling fit
Of a blood-ſhaking Ague made him quit,
And render up his tenement of clay,
No ſlow conſumption melted him away,

Making

Making him ſeem to his ſpectators ſo,
As if h'ad been a corps a yeare agoe:
But that he fell by coaping in a duell
With a more noble feaver, and was fuell
Only for that diſeaſe, with which they ſay,
The world it ſelfe ſhall labour i'th laſt day.

To a Gentlewoman ſinging.

SVre *Philomel's* transform'd to humane ſhape,
For who but ſhe could practice ſuch a rape
On our inſnared ſenſe, with the calme noiſe
That ecchoes forth from her ſeraphick voice?
Each Angell that is guardian to a Sphere,
Deſiſts from whirling round his Orb, to heare
Her warble her tun'd layes, the ſullen North,
Who in diſtemper'd murmurs, bellowes forth
A rude defiance to the ſwelling deep,
Is by her voices muſick rock'd aſleep.
When all the winds do ſally forth t'ingage
The elements in mutinie, and wage
A conflict 'mongſt themſelves, they ſtraight take truce
To liſten to her voice, which does infuſe,
Such charmes into them, that they ſtraight comply
In gentle whiſpers with her harmonie:
Swans hearing her but ſing, do ſtraight concurre
In a melodious ſimphonie with her:
Yet (oh ſad fate) ſtraining a note too high
To equall hers, do ſtraight expire and die.
Copernicus's Pupills may go on
Now to protect his wild aſſertion,
And ſay the earth doth circularlie move,
Whiſt the dull Planets in their Sphere above
Stand ſtill like idle gazers on, ſince ſhe
Has by the miracle of her harmonie,

Accompliſh'd

Accompliſh'd this, for at her charming call
Thrill'd forth in an inchanting madrigall,
The earth appeares to move, the knotite rock
And aged oak, as if they meant to mock
Natures decrees, aſſemble in looſe rings
And ſhake their active feet when ſhee but ſings,
Whilſt my joy'd ſpirits too, with nimble ſtreine
Make haſt to dance Lavalto's in each veine.

On the death of M. Francis Thornhill, *ſlain in a ſingle Duell*

WHat ſtratagems inexorable death
Does muſter up to rob us of our breath?
Somtimes he ſends a Feaver to take in
Our forts of earth, ſomtimes the gout, to win
Our ruinous tenements, which being repell'd
And their aſſaults by ſtrength of nature quell'd,
He ſtraight imploys the ſword, petar and gun,
With all the Engines of deſtruction;
To raze our Citadells of clay, which we
Accompliſh'd in the fate of *Thornhill* ſee,
Who though his heart and vitals bore about
Vigour enough to keep diſeaſes out:
Yet ſee how ſoon the ſword had found the art
To cut the cordage that made faſt his heart,
And ſoule, which thence flew heaven-wards, there to be
Indeniſon'd into eternitie.
For though it ſwam in a red ſtream from hence
I'me confident 'twas white with innocence:
But ſhall his blood, exhale to aire, the earth
Was moiſtened with, no 'twill produce a birth,
Of od'rous flowers, to whom there ſhall accrew
(As if they wept for him) a conſtant dew;
Which on the ruines of his earth ſhall flow;
And when the wind from the cold North does blow,

Congeale

Congeale into a pearly maſſe, ſo he
Inveſted with a ſhroud of pearle ſhall be.

On a Farmer, who having buried five of his children of the Plague, planted on each of their graves an Apple-tree.

YOu whoſe bold thoughts do prompt you on to glorie
I'th number of your iſſue, view the ſtorie
Of this afflicted Villager, ſince he
Was by th'increaſe of a faire Progenie
Made happy, till juſt God, for mans offence,
Imploy'd th'infection of a Peſtilence
T'annoy the world, which five of's children gave
Vp toth' poſſeſſion of the laviſh grave.
But ſee what glorious pietie can dwell
I'th' narrow circuit of an humble Cell,
To preſerve life in their remembrance, hee
Eſtabliſhes on each grave an apple-tree,
By that quaint Hieroglyphick to declare
He was their tree, and they his apples were,
Which in his eſtimate did farre outvie
In tenderneſſe the apple of his eye;
And though ſterne death had been ſo much unkind,
To pluck the fruit and leave the tree behind,
Yet in that action, he did but ſhow,
That they untimely to their graves did go:
To ſhew in time, what we muſt likewiſe do,
Branches, Trunk, Root, and all muſt follow too.

An Epitaph on Mrs. E. VV.

READer, if thy indulgent eyes can ſpare
But ſo much brine as will make up a teare,
Let pietie ingage thee here to lave
That moiſture out upon this beauties grave,

That

That ſo the turfe bedew'd with it, may teeme
Roſes and od'rous Violets, to redeeme
(By pow'ring forth a balmy dew) her duſt
From putrid vapours, and her tomb from ruſt:
For modeſty, truth, zeale, and meekneſſe have
A ſad interment too, within her grave,
Nay even all the vertues are become
Her Inmates, and do lodge within her tombe;
So that ſhe forc'd us, when ſhe liv'd, to ſay,
She was an Angell cloth'd in weeds of clay,
Which to approve when her faire ſoule was cloy'd
With the worlds tumults (which yet ſtill injoy'd
A calme of peace, 'mongſt all the noiſe of men)
She threw off earth, and fled to heaven agen.

On the approach of night.

WHy comes forth night array'd in black, when day
Does (like an exhalation) melt away?
Why hang ſo many lights i'th vault o'th skie?
As if night furniſh'd out ſome obſequie?
Why are her tears in dewes ſo often ſhed?
The reaſon is, ſhe mourns 'cauſe day is dead.

Conſiderations upon Eternitie.

IMmenſe Eternitie! of thee what part
Shall I define, ſince thou a circle art?
And when in thee (like the reviving ſun)
I look for end, I find thee but begun.
When I thy firſt beginning would ſurvey,
I find thou nere hadſt none: when I aſſay
To ſound thy depth, thy depth I find to be
A vaſt and bottomleſſe Profunditie.
Could we pluck backe thoſe waſted years which are
Inrol'd in times moath-eaten Regiſter,

And

And that collected maſſe of ages lay
Within a ſcale, we ſoon ſhould find they'd weigh,
Ballanc'd with thee, no more when all is done,
Then if we poiſ'd an atome with the ſun.
Who then would dote on life which only ſhrouds
The ſoule in ſlime and earth, which death unclouds,
But not annihilates; or fan that fire
Which will but breath'd upon by wind expire,
Whoſe flame though't be by nature blowne about
The heart and braine, the collick can put out:
Who would piece up his tenement of clay
With ſo much art, when rheums may waſh't away,
And dropſies drowne it? or one ſudden guſt
Of a chil Ague ſhake it into duſt,
When with a Feaver it ſo long may burne
It may be both the aſhes and the urne:
When its whole frame at once may be ſhook downe
With th'earth-quake of a wild convulſion;
Why ſhould I in a heap of painted duſt
Or guilded rubbiſh then put any truſt?
Whoſe chiefe ingredients are our ſhivering fears,
And thrilling ſighs, whoſe cement is our tears,
Which kneaded it to ſhape, on which has been
Gods impreſſe ſtamp'd till 'twas raz'd out by ſin.
Nor ſhall this ſullyed medall be refin'd
Till it be in the generall fire calcin'd;
On which, when 'tis new moulded, God will daigne
To coyne the image of his face againe:
Whoſe impreſſe time ſhall then no more deface,
Nor ſin its value anie more embaſe:
When thus both ſoule and bodie are combin'd
In one ſtrict union, and ſo cloſe intwin'd
They nev'r ſhall be divorc'd, they both ſhall be
Admitted into immortalitie:
Vpon whoſe wings, wing'd too with their own love,
And innocence, they both ſhall ſoare above

The pitch of humane thoughts, and with an eye
Purg'd from blind vapours and dull mists, descry
Those various Essences, whose formes will be
Limn'd out i'th Mirrour of the Trinitie;
And all the old Idæas range about
By which at first they both were copied out.
Next gaze on the Apostles, who do make
(In heaven) a new and second Zodiack,
For they were the 12 Signes, through which the Sun
Of Righteousnesse, his course on earth did run.
Then view the Martyrs, from the sacred Reake
Of whose pure flames, the light of truth did breake;
Who though they waded through a crimson flood,
Which had no spring to feed it but their blood,
And all besmear'd with purple, soar'd from hence,
Sit cloath'd in the white Rabes of innocence;
Whilst thus the eye is charm'd, the eare shall be
Intranc'd with such melodious Harmonie,
That if the soule were not so closely tied,
And to the body glorified, allied
In such a loving mixture, we might feare
That 'twould again be stolne out at the eare.
Thus some eternally shall gaze upon
That Orb of Light, the blessed Vision,
And so to ever-living joyes aspire,
Whilst others melt in never-dying fire,
Which powres forth flames, but yet displayes no light,
Which will both burn, and freeze the damned wight:
Where outward tortures shall corrode each sence,
And inward fret into the conscience,
Where all Arithmeticke will be agast
To calculate the yeares of torture past;
And bind them up in numbers, but to tell
The years to come, will be a second Hell;
For when ten thousand, thousands years are told,
And all those thousand thousands years are rold

About

About their Sphere, and Myriads more are done,
And yet alas, all is but now begun;
The wretched and captived ſoule will cry,
Oh that I once might live or once might dy:
Lord teare the Mountains up, and throw them all
Vpon my wretched head, that I may fall
Into a heap of Atomes, and may be
Seen not of any, leſt it be of thee;
Vnlock the Caverns of the earth, and find
Amongſt thoſe dusky Cells ſome angry wind,
Whoſe wild impetuous Guſts ſo long may blow
Vpon my houſe of earth, until it throw
The rubbiſh in ſome wilderneſſe, or thruſt
The thin remains of my disbanded duſt
Into ſome gloomy Vault, where none ſhall tell,
To gleane them up, ſo thou forgive me hell.

A divine Hymne.

O Thou who art all light, from whoſe pure beames
The infant day-light ſtreames,
And to whoſe Luſtre all the throng of ſtars
Thoſe myſtick Characters,
Writ in the dusky volumne of the Night,
Do owe their ſtocke of Light;
Who when the Sun, i'th nonage of the yeare,
Like a Bridegroom does appeare,
Sweet with the Balmy Perfumes of the Eaſt,
With Lights Embroidery dreſt,
And ſpangled o're with brightneſſe, does array
That Planet with each Ray
He glitters with, a powerfull ſpark inſpire
Of thy Celeſtiall fire
Into my frozen heart, that there may be
A flame blowne up in me,

Whoſe light may ſhine like the meridian ſun
In the dark horiſon
Of my benighted ſoul, and thence diſtill
Into a pious rill
Of contrite tears, thoſe clouds which do controule
The proſpect of my ſoule,
That ſo the beams of faith may clearly ſhine
Amidſt its Chriſtalline,
That I may by th'infuſion of their light
Learn to ſpell Chriſts Croſſe aright.
And as one touch from *Moſes* did unlock
The caſquet of the rock,
And thaw'd its liquid treaſures to repell
The thirſt of Iſrael;
So let this flame diſſolve that maſſe of ſin
That lies wrapt up within
The chambers of my heart, that there may riſe
Two fountaines in my eyes,
Which may put out thoſe ſcorching flames, which were
Firſt fed and kindled there,
By that ſame hot Artillery which luſt
Into my eye-balls thruſt;
And as when Feavers blaze within the blood,
And parch that purple flood,
The ſparks and embers of them, are by heat
Still'd from the pores in ſweat;
So when ſin flames within me and does roule
Its heat about my ſoule,
And ſparkles in each facultie, my eyes
Being luſts Incendiaries.
Oh let this inward ſickneſſe by that fire
Devotion does inſpire,
Be ſtill'd out, at thoſe pores o'th ſoule, my eies,
In a liquid ſacrifice,
Which gathering into one heap, may ſwell
Into a holy well,

Wherei

Wherein when the old Dragon wounds me, I
May bath inceſſantly,
And having waſh'd my feſtred wounds, may be
Sure both at once of cure and victorie.

On the death of a Prince, a Meditation.

IN what a ſilence Princes paſſe away,
When they're enfranchis'd from their ſhells of clay?
No thunder-clap rung out this Heroes knell,
And in loud accents to the world did tell,
He was deceas'd; no trembling earth-quake ſhook
The frame o'th world, as if 'twere Palſie-ſtrook.
There was no bearded Comet did ariſe,
To light a torch up at his Obſequies;
And though ſo many men ſhould have deceas'd
When his great ſoule was from the fleſh releas'd,
That *Charons* Veſſell ſhould have ceas'd to float,
And he have cried, give me another boat;
Not anie yet reſign'd their vitall breath,
Obſequiouſly to wait on him, in death;
Thus we may ſee, Fates unrelenting knife
Will even cut a Princes thred of life;
Nor can his ſpreading power inforce its ſtrength,
Or his Dominions extend its length,
If from the urne his name firſt iſſue forth,
Not his tall titles or unfathom'd worth,
Can this Prerogative, or Charter give,
That he his cheap dull vaſſall ſhall out-live;
And though the eyes o'th multitude before
Follow'd his preſence, and did ev'n adore
The earth that propp'd his feet, yet when the ruſt,
Of's monument ſhall mingle with his duſt,
Contracted to a ſpan, and the rude wind
Shall his abbreviated aſhes find,

They cannot from his blaſt be ſo exempt,
But that he will diſperſe them to contempt;
So many graves his duſt ſhall (he being dead)
Obtaine, yet he be no where buried:
Who then in Titles, Crownes, or Wealth would truſt,
Since he can ſcarce aſſure himſelfe his duſt?
Even in the grave ſhall ſo protected be,
It ſhall be freed from forraign injurie.

To a Lady viewing her ſelf in her Glaſſe.

LADY;

WHen Sickneſſe, Death's pale Herald does diſplay
His Enſignes in your face, and does array
Your drooping Beautie with an aſhie hue,
You ſtraight take counſell of your Glaſſe, to view
How much thoſe roſes, that their bluſhes ſhed
O're either cheek, are ſhrunk, or withered:
When any ſpot that luſtre does imbaſe,
Which does improve the beauty of your face,
You have recourſe unto your Glaſſe, to ſee
What part dares ſhelter that enormitie;
When you with any faſhion would comply,
You to your Mirrour ſtraight imploy your eye,
To be inform'd, what correſpondence there
Your ſhadow does with your faire ſubſtance beare:
If in your painting there ſome errour be,
Or in your dreſſe an incongruitie,
You from your glaſſe a certaine patterne take,
By which your ſelfe you even a ſhadow make.
Since then in all things you your ſelfe apply
Still to this Chriſtall Index, to diſcry
Each blemiſh in your dreſſe, and each defect
That clouds your beautie, and by that correct
All treſpaſſes, you may inſtructed be,
By this, to know too your Mortalitie;

Since

Since that fraile Tenement you ſo perfume
With clouds of Mirrhe, and Caſſia, and conſume
So much to piece it up, it may repell
Th' aſſaults of Age, and be defenſible
'Gainſt Times rude Onſets, will ſoon fade away,
And languiſh to a ruinous decay;
And by its tranſitorineſſe declare,
That you your ſelfe, your ſhadowes Embleme are.

On the death of Sir Simon Harcourt, *ſlain at the taking in of Carigs-Main Caſtle in Ireland.*

MAy that pure flame which heated *Harcourts* breſt,
Break from the gloomy confines of that Cheſt
VVhich circumſcribes his hallow'd duſt, and ſink
Like a ſpent Meteor downe into my ink;
That that dull juice its heat may ſo refine,
Each drop of it may prove like that, divine,
With which each verſe of mine embalm'd ſhall be,
And like his fame laſt to Eternitie;
At common Funeralls each vulgar quill
Into ſome broken rapture can diſtill,
And with the watry tribute of the eye
Diſſolve into ſome eaſie Elegie:
Should we not then pay to this honour'd Herſe
Our griefs dreſt up in more refined Verſe,
And mix with it ſuch a large ſtreame of brine,
It might theſe precious Reliques even enſhrine?
The gratefull wind would from his aſhes ſweep
Such clouds of duſt, that if we could not weep,
'Twould throw them thence into our barren eyes,
And (though unwilling) force ſome tears to riſe:
I am no Laureat, nor does any Bay
Surround my Temples, if it did, Il'd lay
That wreath (brave *Harcourt*) on thy Tomb, that wee
At once might crowne thy victorie, and thee.

But though I weare no Bayes, in either eye
Is worne a teare, ſorrowes beſt Liverie;
In which I'le ſteep each verſe, that ſo their brine
May diſtribute ſome ſalt to everie line:
And when my barren and exhauſted eyes
Grow bankrupt in their watry Obſequies,
And ſpend their ſtock too ſoon, thoſe ſtars which ſhin'd
To light thee into th' world, and did unwind
The Fate of thy great actions, ſure will turne
To tears, and drop in gelly on thy Vrne:
Though thus two fountaines flow from either eye,
T'embalme thy duſt, my Phancy yet is dry:
But pardon me, that on thy hallow'd tomb
I've ſtuck no Epitaph, which might become
An Index to paſt ages, and diſplay
To times to come, how (through that purple ſea
Which from thy wounds in ſuch a deluge ran)
Thy ſoule paſſed o're to th'Land of *Canaan*,
White with her innocence, alas no ſtone
Would ſerve to beare the ſad Inſcription;
For even that Marble that is put in truſt,
To be the wardrobe for thy weeds of duſt,
Will to deplore ſo great a loſſe (my fears
Tell me) by inſtinct too melt into tears.

On a Gentlewoman ſtruck blind with the ſmall Pox.

WHat have we poor unhappie Mortalls done,
Such an Eclipſe is caſt o're beauties ſun?
What? was this cloud let looſe to veile its light,
'Cauſe it too much aſtoniſh'd our dull ſight?
Or did ſome goddeſſe, fearing we might pay
A Superſtitious homage to each ray,
This beauties eyes powr'd forth, become unkind,
And to prevent this tribute ſtrike her blind?

Or

Or are her eyes preſerv'd? and cannot wee,
Blinded by too much light their luſtre ſee?
Or has *Love* fixt them in the ſtarrie Sphere,
To ſhine by night, as they by day ſhone here?
If ſo; no more let lovers from afarre
Court the looſe aſpect of the Cyprian ſtarre;
Nor let the erring Mariner no more
Worſhip the Lædan ſtarres, nor yet implore
With volleyes of loud ſighs, they would diſpence
From their kind Orb propitious influence:
For her refulgent ſparkling eyes, that were
On earth, the brighteſt ſtars in beauties Sphere,
And ſhone with ſuch a clear and conſtant light,
That Our Horizon was by them made bright,
Shine forth in heaven, a Conſtellation, now,
And will, from their auſpitious Orb, endow
Lovers with ſuch mild influxe, at their birth,
That heaven they've found above, they'l find on earth;
And to the Saylor that has loſt his way
'Mongſt the wild Alpes and Deſerts of the Sea,
Dart ſuch cleare beams that they ſhall ſteer him right,
So that hee'l need no Pilot, but their light.

On the death of M. George Sandys.

WHen that Arabian bird, the Phœnix dies,
Who on her pile of ſpices bedrid lies,
And does t'herſelfe a ſacrifice become,
Making her grave an Altar, and a Wombe,
T'incloſe her pregnant duſt, ſhe can redeem
Thoſe ruines ſhe her ſelfe has made, and teem
With a new Phœnix: but now *Sandys* is gone,
And melted to a diſſolution,
I'th Furnace of a Feaver, can his Vrne
An equall fine, or intereſt returne

For

For thoſe remains it keeps? Alas, we here
Are wholly beggar'd; for his Sepulcher
Is like ſome thrifty Steward, put in truſt
To take account of every grain of duſt
That moulders from the fabrick of his clay,
But when the generall fire which the laſt day
Shall ſparkle with, ſhall a new flame inſpire
Into his Vrne, and that Poetick fire
Which was ſo long an Inmate to his breſt,
Shall be call'd forth from out that Marble Cheſt,
Where it now lies rak'd up amongſt the duſt,
And embers of his clay; and when that ruſt
That choakes it up, ſhall be diſpers'd, the light
Of this enfranchis'd flame ſhall ſhine ſo bright
Amidſt our Horiſon, 'twill ſeem to be
The Conſtellation of all Poetrie.
Tell me not then, that Piramids disband,
And drop to duſt; that times ungentle hand
Has cruſh'd into an indigeſted Maſſe,
And heap of Ruines, Obeliſques of Braſſe,
That our perfidious tombs (as loath to ſay
We once had life and being too) decay;
And that thoſe Flowers of Beauty which do grow
In Ladies cheeks, amidſt a bed of ſnow,
Are wither'd on their ſtalk; or that one Guſt
Of a bleake Ague can reſolve to duſt
Thoſe hands which did a Globe and Scepter hold,
Or that that head which wore a Crowne of Gold,
May be wrap'd up within a ſhroud of Lead,
Neglected, and forgot, ſince *Sandys* is dead;
Within whoſe Breſt Wits Empire ſeem'd to be,
And in whoſe Braine a Mine of Poetrie:
For who'l not now confeſſe, that Time's that Moth
Which frets into all Art, and Nature both,
Since he who ſeem'd within his active Brain
So much of ſalt and verdure to contain,

He might have ever been preſerv'd, is gone,
And ſhrunk away into corruption:
But theſe excurſions their Conception owe
To paſſion, or from our wild Phanſies flow;
All that we now can do is to returne
Some Flowers of Poeſie unto his Vrne,
Which being burnt in his owne Funerall flame,
Wee'l offer up, as Incenſe, to his name,
Which yet by ſent and colour will be known
T'have ſprung from him, and t'have been firſt his own.
And if theſe Flowers cannot ſo perfume
His name, but that 'twill (mauger theſe) conſume,
Our tears ſtrew'd on it, will repeale that Fate,
And in his wither'd fame, new life create;
As when the treaſures of the Spring are crop'd
And by untimely Martyrdom unlop'd,
From off their ſtalke, we can their death reprieve,
And a new life by water to them give:
So now when *Sandys* like the Springs flowry birth,
By deaths rude ſithe is mowed from off the earth,
And throwne into a grave, to wither there
Into a heap of aſhes, though no teare
Can piece his duſt together, we may weep
A Bath of tears, in which we yet may ſteep
His memorie, which will (like *Æſon*) when
'Tis thus manur'd, grow freſh and young agen;
And being thus embalm'd, a Relique lie
To be ador'd by all poſteritie.

On the ſight of ſome rare Pieces and Monuments of Antiquitie, in an Antiquaries Studie.

LEt *Æſons* Storie waſt away, and be
No more tranſcrib'd unto poſteritie:
It muſt now wither, and diſpight of all
His powerfull baths, and moiſtening juices, ſhall

Grow

Grow wrinkled o're with age, deceaſe, and have
(Being dead) t'entombe it in, no other grave,
But dark Forgetfulneſſe; where it ſhall lie
For ever, buried in Obſcuritie.
For, now Antiquity it ſelfe, with yeares
Grown white and hoarie, with long age, appears
Here freſh and vigorous; things which Ages paſt
Crumbled away, and did decay ſo faſt,
They were ev'n thought in a Conſumption then,
Do here riſe up in a full Youth agen:
Times *Æſculapius* has done this; for He
'Gainſt the diſeaſe of Time, a remedie
Preſcribes, beyond all Druggs: He has the Art
T'embalme the fame of things; yet, not impart,
To keep them ſo that they ſhall ne're conſume,
Whole clouds of Myrrhe, Spice, Caſſia, and Perfume:
And, as the Loadſtone Iron can call out,
When 'tis beleaguer'd, and ev'n wall'd about
With other wild confuſed heaps of duſt;
So, when mens names grow fretted with the ruſt
Age ſtrewes upon them, and they ſeem to be
Loſt in the ruines of mortalitie;
He, from that rude and blended Maſſe, can bring
Their dead remembrance out, and can new wing
Thoſe thus rais'd up to life, and make them flie
'Bove Times wide reach, up to Eternitie:
He can peece up mens ſcatter'd duſt, his hands
Mannage a powerfull Scepter, that commands
Ev'n Fate it ſelfe, with which he can make blunt
The Teeth of Time, which, Eſtrich-like, were wont
To feed on iron, piles of braſſe devoure,
And Natures beauty, like a Moath, deflowre.
In fine, this ſtudy is the publike Ark
In which the memories of men embark;
Which, being here repriev'd from death, do ſhun
The being drown'd in deep Oblivion.

An Epithalamium.

THe Bride is up: Go, bid the Negro creep
Into the watrie bowells of the Deep,
To gather up thoſe orient Pearles, which dwell
In the contracted caſquet of a ſhell:
Command him to examine every rock,
To pluck off Diamonds from that craggie ſtock,
And hang them all on her, that ſo the light
That breaks from her cleare eys, may make them bright.
Behold, the active Bridegroom does appeare
Freſh as the Sun, i'th nonage of the yeare,
Whilſt ev'rie flower unclaſps its leaves, as he
Walks by, as if they did delight to be
Enlivened with thoſe odours, which his breath
Does (like rich perfumes) to the ayre bequeath.
And now he meets his Bride, whilſt from their eyes
A numerous conſtellation ſeems to riſe:
So that each one which viewes them from afarre,
Thinks that each glance of theirs darts forth a ſtarre.
And now the Prieſt has (with his Nuptiall Bands)
At once united both their hearts and hands.
And, though the Eſſence of their chaſt delight
Muſt be prorogu'd, till Day be mask'd with Night:
Yet ſee, their ſoules prevent their bodies bliſſe,
Both making haſt to couple in a kiſſe;
Whilſt on thoſe twiſted beams their eye-balls ſhed,
They even ſeem each others hearts to thred:
So that, their eyes the bodies office do,
In mingling thus; and beget Babies too.

On a Nymph pourtrayed in ſtone, that powred forth two ſpouts of water from her eyes into a Garden.

THink that this Statue which now courts your view,
VVas once a virgin of that glorious hue,
Set out and furniſh'd with ſuch charming grace,
Each durſt affirme ſhe had an Angells face;
But as thoſe Mineralls, which the teeming Earth,
Combining with the Sun, improves with birth,
Do through the womb o'th' Mine their veines diffuſe,
That Metalls like themſelves they may produce:
Ev'n ſo that rockie hardneſſe, which was bred
Within the caverns of her heart, did ſpred
A drowſie numneſſe thorow everie ſenſe,
Whoſe chilneſſe all thoſe Organs did condenſe,
That gave attendance on the Braine, (the Throne
Where Life and Motion ſit inſtall'd) to ſtone:
But 'cauſe before thoſe ſparkling rayes, her eyes
Powr'd forth, did make each heart love ſacrifice;
Thy ſpouts of teares, though turn'd to ſtone, diſtill,
As if they wept for thoſe their ſcorne did kill.

On one dead of a Dropſie.

VVE need not here be laviſh, and let fall
Our teares, as tribute, to this Funerall,
Since here we ſee the Body did reſent,
And ev'n, by private inſtinct, ſo lament
The Soules departure, that it did appeare,
Transform'd by griefe, to one continued teare.

To

To a Gentlewoman viewing her ſelfe in her glaſſe.

CRuell faire one, think this Glaſſe,
Wherein you now behold your face,
Was compos'd of one who dyed
For love of you, ſince he applyed
His liquid and diſſolving eyes,
So long with teares to ſacrifice
To your diſdaine, that to relieve
His Bankrupt and impoveriſh'd griefe
With a freſh ſtock of moyſture, hee
Melted to a ſpring, which ſee
The cold, but charitable North,
(Leſt a fountaine of ſuch worth
Should, by vulgar lips, be taſted,
Or profanely be exhauſted)
Congeal'd into a Chryſtall Maſſe,
Of which was form'd this Looking-glaſſe:
And as your Figure faire did reſt,
Within this Lovers living breſt,
So ſtill you ſee it doth appeare,
Though turn'd to Chryſtall, harbour'd there.

An Elegie offered up to the memorie of Anne *Counteſſe of Caernarvon*

An Introduction to the Elegie.

THoſe Flowers of Beautie, Lilly, Violet,
And bluſhing Roſe, which were by Nature ſet
In faire *Caernarvens* cheek, and ſeem'd to grow,
(Strange wonder!) there amidſt a bed of Snow,
By deaths rude hand now from their ſtalk are rent,
And throwne (alas) into a Monument,

Where

Where they will wither into duſt, and be
The types of humane mutabilitie.
If then theſe ſhort-liv'd flowers could not give
But ſo much verdure, as would make her live,
Even in her worſer part, her earth, what ſpice,
Or Balmie druggs, ſhall we then ſacrifice,
T'embalme her name, ſince there can nothing be
That will do this, but flowers of Poeſie,
Which I have ſtrew'd upon't; and, though they faile,
Such Aromatick odours to exhale,
As may this memorie of hers perfume:
They'l ſo preſerve it, it ſhall nere conſume.

The Elegie.

FOr all thoſe various ſtreames which do entombe
Themſelves within the Oceans liquid wombe,
The Sea payes Impoſt, and an intereſt brings
Back to the Earth, when it refines to Springs
The brackiſh billowes, and thoſe waters ſtraines
To Brooks, and weaves them into all her veines.
If the kind waves refund their tribute thus,
What fine, or uſe, wilt thou pay back to us,
Vnhappie Earth, for theſe deplor'd Remaines
Which now manure thy ſhrunk and wither'd veines?
Canſt thou unſluce thy thriftie pores, and powre
From thoſe Alembicks ſuch a ſwelling ſhower
Of unctious deaw? it may her duſt o're-run,
And reſcue it from putrefaction:
So that no Colonie of wormes ſhall dare
To plant themſelves within her Sepulcher:
And, canſt thou then, from thy cold wombe diſpenſe
Such vapours, and chill damps, they may condenſe
That heap of deaw to ſheets of ice, that She
Enſhrin'd within a Chriſtall cloud may be:
So that the ſacred ruines of her duſt
May not disband to Atomes, by the guſt

Of

Of any ſawcy wind, or be exempt
From their cold Vrne, and ſcatter'd to contempt:
Canſt thou for that rich blood thy laviſh Breſt
Hath ſwallowed up, repay thy Intereſt
In purple Flowers? which being thaw'd with heat,
May from their pores ſuch fragrant Odors ſweat,
They may perfume thoſe Vapours, which her tomb
Throwes out in miſts from its corrupted womb;
And more refine the aire, then if the ſpring
Did to her Vrne, its verdant treaſures bring;
But if the needy barren earth repine
To pay backe any Intereſt, or Fine,
Vnto her Grave; my ſighs ſhall be perfume,
To aire her Duſt, and ſuch a flood of Rheume
Shall from mine eyes break looſe, that in few years,
Her tomb it ſelfe ſhall be embalm'd with tears;
Which being thus manur'd and ſoftned, ſhall
Teem with the Roſe, and Violet, and all
The fragrant Iſſue of the Spring, whoſe Flowers
Shall alwaies be diſtilling pious Showers
Of Balmy dew, as if they meant to ſhew,
That ſince their firſt Originall they drew
From out her Vrne, they gratefully let fall
Thoſe tears as Rights due to her Funerall;
But why do I appeale to ſtones and flowers,
And from their melting pores expect new ſhowers,
To ſtock my tears, ſince Nature too ſhould bee
Her ſelfe (in griefe) Competitrix with me?
For ſure her caſquets broak, and ſalne to duſt.
To which (as her Exchequer) ſhe did truſt:
The Balmy Perfumes of the Phœnix neſt,
And all the treaſurers of the rifled Eaſt;
Wherein ſhe circumſcrib'd the wealthy toiles,
The drudging ſilkeworme ſpins, and all the ſpoiles
Of ranſack'd Elements, for in this Faire
Both Indies with their wealth contracted were:

This piece of winnow'd earth, which ſhe did ſtrew
With Roſes, and pale Lillies, where they grew
In kind, and reconciled mixtures, is
Now crumbled to a heap of Atomis.
This Star which ſhone with ſuch refulgent light,
Our Orb of State was by its Rayes made bright,
Is ſtolne (alas) out of our Horizon,
And drop'd to ſlime and putrefaction;
But ſtay bold Pen, beſpatter not her duſt,
Can her remaines ſhrink into ſlime or ruſt,
When everie weed that growes about her Vrne
Shall by my tears to Nard and Balſome turne?
But where does Zeale tranſport me? 'tis a fault,
(Sure) to diſturb the ſilence of her vault,
And breake that ſlumber, which like Opium
Reſolv'd to vapour, hangs about her Tomb:
What though deaths impious hand move a diſguiſe
Of putrid ſcales, and threw it o're her eyes,
Leſt being blinded by their Light, his Dart
Might have groap'd out its way, t'have found her heart.
The laſt dayes flame ſhall burn theſe Scales away,
And in her eyes kindle a ſecond day;
What though amidſt our Orb, a ſtar ſhe ſhone,
In Heaven ſhe ſhines a Conſtellation:
What though thoſe liquid Saphires which each veine
Of hers, within her Azure Channells did containe,
And thoſe two bluſhing Rubies Nature thruſt
Into her lips, be ſullied with the duſt
Of her owne Ruines, when the generall Fire
Againe refines them, they ſhall ſparkle higher
Then al the Eaſterne Jemmes: for ſure the Tomb
Is of a neer Alliance, to the womb,
For as before the Infant can put on
Symptomes of figure or proportion,
It muſt firſt lye a ſhuffeld Embrio
Pack'd up within the Cell o'th womb; even ſo

When

When she has layne a Masse of Ruines, till
The Trump at Gods great Audit, with its shrill
And awfull voice shall summon, and injoyne
Each Tomb its drousie Reliques to resigne,
Who sleep in dust, that so the Grave may be
Both Womb, and Mid-wife to Eternitie:
Those Rubies, Saphirs, Diamonds, which are
Now lost i'th Rubbish of her Sepulchre,
Shall be redeem'd, and purg'd from every staine
That does benight their lustre, and again
Be knit into one Frame, within which Cell
Eternitie shall as an Inmate dwell.
Then leave we thee unto thy selfe, faire soule,
Exalted farre above the rude controule
Of Fate, or the assault of Time, and see
From thy bright Orb how everie Entitie
The Womb of Nature teems with, comes forth lame,
And full of dis-proportion in the Frame,
And Structure of its parts, since thou art one,
Who wert the Patterne for Prefection;
The world lies gasping too: for, 'tis no doubt,
But at that wound its life-blood bubbled out,
VVhich death defac'd thee with, and if there be
Things yet whose parts display some harmonie,
'Tis but thy dole of beautie they ingrosse,
Those that want that, are crippled in thy losse.

Her Epitaph.

READER, this Tomb preserves in trust
Beautie it selfe resolv'd to dust,
For this Marble does inclose
The Lilly, Violet and Rose,
Beauties Ingredients; which within
This shell do lie to be agin
Hatch'd into flowers, and adorn
That naked earth which clothes her urn,

When thou knoweſt this, unſluce thy eyes,
To mourn at Beauties Obſequies,
And weep ſo long, till there appeares
About her tomb a Sea of Tears;
That ſhe may, when the world expires,
Gaſping in its Funerall Fires,
And to purge thoſe ſinnes away,
Which it contracted every day,
Does to it ſelfe a ſacrifice become,
Riſe, like a ſecond *Venus*, from her Tombe.

An Elegie on Robert *Earle of* Caernarvon, *ſlain at the battell of Newberie.*

WHoever will unſluce his eyes, and lave
A ſtreame of pious teares out on this Grave,
Sure, cannot think thoſe Obſequies miſ-ſpent,
He ſhall lay out upon this Monument:
For, from the ſtone thus ſoftened by his Eyes,
So many ſprigs of Lawrell ſhall ariſe,
That Paſſengers ſhall think this tomb the Cell,
Where unplum'd victorie did ever dwell.
For even ſhe her ſelfe, when *Dormer* died,
Wounded through him, lay bleeding by his ſide;
But he is dead without a ſigh or groane,
Vented by the worlds Genius, to bemoane
His ſad deceaſe? for ſure, his loſſe ſhould be
Sigh'd out to us, in no leſſe Elegie.
Do not the gratefull Elements conſpire
To pay ſome tribute back for that brave fire
Which warm'd his boſome? and does now enſhrine
It ſelfe in theirs, which ſure will ſo refine
Their dull and ſluggiſh matter, that 'twill be
Improv'd agen to its firſt puritie;
It from that foame each wrinkled billow ſtrowes
On the embroider'd ſhore a *Venus* roſe,

No

No leſſe, ſure, then a *Mars* or *Hermes* muſt
Riſe from each graine of his unblemiſht duſt,
If every Roman Victor could allow
Each act of his a Statue, and endow
His name with Trophies, that it nere might ruſt,
Or be obſcurely buried in his duſt:
We muſt impoveriſh each Corinthian Mine,
And rob the Parian Quarries, to enſhrine
His name in Marble, for his actions will
Each Page in times ſucceſſive Annalls fill.
What Cataracts of ſhot, what ſtormes of lead
Were oft let looſe on his unſhaken head?
That thoſe which view'd him from a farre, began
Much to ſuſpect they ſaw a Leaden man:
But when they ſaw him with ſuch ſpeed invade
And breake the bodie of a Troop, it made
Them change that Faith, and think that he had been
Converted to ſome winged Cherubin;
Or elſe ſo briefe and ſudden was his Flight,
Transform'd into a nimble beame of Light.
But ſhall that flame which did ſo clearly burn
Within his Breſt, lye rak'd up in his Vrn,
Vntill the laſt dayes generall Fire tranſmit
A ſecond light to re-enkindle it?
No ſure, his tomb cannot ſo check that Flame,
But 'twill breake forth to ſhine about his name,
Or in ſome bright and ſhaggie Comet riſe,
To light a toarch at his owne Obſequies.

A Paſtorall Court-ſhip.

FAire *Iulia* let the heat of Love
Which within thy Heart does move,
And there is lodg'd as in its Sphere,
Still from thine eyes each brinie teare,

In which dull ſorrow thou doſt ſteep,
And never teach thy eyes to weep,
But when ſome tranſcendent joy
Does thy glutted ſenſes cloy.
Thou art Natures Magazine,
Or her casket rather, in
Whoſe narrow precincts ſhe hath pent
The treaſure that both Indies ſent:
I'th cloſets of thy lips ſhe locks
The bluſhing Rubies of the Rocks:
In the ſtore-houſe of each eye
Her refulgent Diamonds lie:
In thy teeth her pearle ſhe puts,
And in each veine a Saphire ſhuts:
Thy haire containes the gold o'th Weſt:
Thy breath the ſpices of the Eaſt:
And o're thy skins faire Margent's drawn
A curtaine of the fineſt Lawn:
So that thoſe Lillies ſweet, which dare
With thee in whiteneſſe to compare,
To expiate ſo black a ſin,
Want white to do their penance in,
And their vanquiſh'd heads do bow,
In veneration of thy brow.
See how the flowers and plants combine,
And their od'rous leaves untwine,
That in thoſe ſweet Exchecquers they
May that ſtock of ſpices lay,
Which (like Eaſterne winds) thy breath
Does to'th perfum'd ayre bequeath.
Canſt thou theſe drooping flowers faire
With thy powerfull beames repaire,
And animate? and ſhall not I
Light a flame up at thine eye?
See how thoſe Diamonds are diſmaid,
With which thy boſome is arraid,

Becauſe

Becauſe the ſplendor that does riſe
From the Chryſolites of thy eyes,
Does tranſcend their feeble light,
And look as drowſie, as if night
Lay hid in them, and will, I feare,
Each melt into an envious teare:
Canſt thou thaw theſe, and ſhall not I
With thoſe teares that either eye
From their brinie Springs impart,
Melt the hardneſſe of thy heart?
If thou art barren in deſire,
And canſt not burne in equall fire,
Thoſe ſighs which from my boſome flow,
A flame throughout my breſt ſhall blow;
And thoſe frequent tears Ile ſhed
From the ciſternes of my head,
Shall ſo manure thy heart, thou'lt be
Fruitfull ſtraight in love like me.

On a ſparke of fire fixing on a Gentlewomans breſt.

FAire *Julia* ſitting by the fire,
An amorous ſpark, with hot deſire,
Flew to her breſt, but could not melt
The chaſt ſnow there, which when it felt,
And that reſiſtance it did bide,
For griefe it bluſh'd, and ſo it di'd.
Yet leſt it ſhould prove ought unkind,
It contrite aſhes left behind.

On a ſpark faſtening on a Gentlewomans cheek.

IF this ſmall ſpark which bore ſo thin a blaze,
Could in each part ſo much reſentment raiſe,

And to your cheek ſo much of anguiſh waſt,
And on your skins unblemiſht margent graft
Such ſignalls of its rigour; oh then deeme
What torments of a far more high eſteeme,
My martyr'd heart muſt ſtruggle with, which fries
In flames of Love, firſt kindled by your eyes.

Ad Joannem Harmarum, *Libellum De Lue Venereâ exarantem.*

QUas tibi prætendam grates, quæ dona rependam,
Harmare, *aut meritò ingenti quæ ſerta refundam?*
Qui gravidam morbis primo conamine Lernam,
Prægnantem malis fœcundam diſcutis Hydram;
Vt faceres tantas prima Incrementa ruinas,
Crudi & naſcentis tituli, tu cœca recludis
Arcana herbarum, & Naturæ ſcrinia pandis,
Tu clauſæ exerces latebroſa cubilia terræ;
Pugnacem abſtruſis Mineram quibus eruis antris,
Exertæ quæ cruda luis cunabula damnet,
Et reſtagnantem morbi transfundet humorem,
Tuque poros reſeras, cutiſque ſuburbia ſolvis,
Vt tomes excuſſi laxata per oſtia morbi
Effluat, & tenues ſeſe detrudat in auras;
Tu blando Ætnæas ſubducis clyſtere flammas,
Et jecur immiti caſtigas putre Güaco,
Atque abſterſivis terges polluta Diætis
Viſcera, tranquillo demulces pectora ſucco;
Qui rheuma effuſum torpenti compede ſiſtat:
Herculeos tua jam manus eſt enixa labores,
Herculeos tua jam manus eſt partura triumphos:
Nam fauſtè à pigro jacum deterſit acervo
Augiæ ſtabulum vappaſque excuſſit inertes:
Suſpecta Herculeæ tandem eſt ac æmula clavæ,
Quæ fœcunda tuæ famulatur gloria pennæ,
Nam Luis indomitæ Lernam, & nova monſtra ſubegit.

On

On the death of the much admired and much lamented, Mr. Francis Quarles.

AMongſt that ſolemne Traine of Friends, which ſing
Thy Dirge (great Soule) and to thy Name do bring,
As to ſome ſhrine, the ſacrifice of praiſe,
Daigne to accept theſe courſe and home-ſpun Layes:
Alas, what can the world expect from me,
As tribute to thy Hearſe, ſince if there be
Within me any flame, or heat divine,
That warms my breſt, 'twas kindled firſt by thine;
And from that pure and active Fire did come,
Which is lockt up i'th Caſquet of thy Tomb,
Whoſe heat (perchance) may thaw my barren eyes,
And make them ſhed ſome wattie Obſequies,
But cannot make my drowſie Fancie flame,
In ſad and pious raptures to thy Name;
Or light ſome Poem up, whoſe glimmering rayes,
About thy Name in time to come might blaze;
Or if it could, that ſickly Flame would be,
But a dim Index to thy memorie,
And only here remaine like thoſe few bright
Streaks in the aire, when the expiring light
Is blind with darkneſſe, and the day is done,
To tell the world that there has been a Sun.
As he that would disband the Diamond, muſt
Encounter it with its owne proper duſt:
So he that would enſhrine thy Name in Verſe,
Or ſtrew ſome Epitaph upon thy Hearſe,
Can never any pure, or noble fire,
Into his dull unactive thoughts inſpire,
Vnleſſe that Fire his Fancie burnes with, bee
Firſt lighted by a ſpark that flew from thee;
And as when he that frames a watch, would ſee
What looſe diſtemper, or infirmitie,

Is

Is in the Fabrick, how the wheels are ſet,
Or with what pace the ſickly pulſe does beat,
Straight to the Sun applies his eye, and can
Cure the diſeaſe by his Meridian:
So he that would write well, and write of thee,
And regularly winde up an Elegie,
And in ſuch equall poiſe his phanſie ſet,
The pulſe might with well-paced numbers beat,
Muſt all his lines proportion, and make fit
To goe by the Meridian of thy wit.
Thus from the duskie confines of thy urne,
Thou ſhalt again to th'bankrupt world return:
And after death (Fame ſhall thee ſo preferre)
Be to thy ſelfe thy own Executer,
That all our ſummes of wit may ſeem to be
But onely Legacies paid in by thee.

His Epitaph.

READer, this Tombe is put in truſt,
To keep a heap of learned duſt,
Which, we dare preſume, will ſhun
The Fate of putrefaction.
For, that ſalt which did remaine
Cloyſter'd up within his braine,
Will ſo preſerve his Reliques, they
Shall never languiſh, or decay:
However, let our eyes returne
Streams of teares unto his urne:
For, thoſe his Reliques ſure will free
From all corruptibilitie:
Or els, contracting into one,
Will grow another *Helicon.*
Nor have we any cauſe to feare,
That we ſhall want the Muſes there:
For, when he died, they did become
Themſelves the Inmates to his tombe.

A thankfull acknowledgement to those Benefactours that contributed to the re-edifying of Clare-Hall in Cambridge.

SHould we entomb your benefits within
Vnthankfull silence, so deform'd a sin
No teares would expiate, we might seeme to be
Astonisht by some drowsie Lethargie,
Or blasted with some Apoplectique Fit,
VVhich had at once congeal'd both braine and wit;
VVe therefore to your Names devoutly pay
The tribute of our thanks, and would defray
Our debt in nobler coyne, could we but vie
In words, with our big thoughts, or amplifie
Our hands, as wide as we can do our soules;
But this in us our thriftie Fate controules:
For you have snatcht us from the Earth, where we
Lay wrapt up in our owne deformitie,
And have reduc'd a House that was become,
Both to it selfe and Founders name, a tomb,
And like th'Idæa of the Chaos, lay
Deform'd, and indigested by decay,
To shape and beauite, and do so prolong
Its fading lustre, it againe growes young,
Like wither'd *Æson*, so that now we trust,
Twill Phœnix-like revive from out its dust,
And grow into one Fabrick (though 'twas shrunk
Before into a scatter'd heap, and sunk
Almost beneath its ruines) to upbraid
The coldnesse of these times, which does invade
Each hand, and so benums it, that we see
It cannot open unto Charitie;
But to improve, and widen out each Name
Of yours, to such a spatious length of Fame,

They

They may ſurvive, till time and they become
Both Tenants, and both Inmates to one tombe:
So that when *Mauſolæum's* ſhrink to duſt,
And Obeliſques of Braſſe disband with ruſt,
When Pyramids themſelves diſſolve, and lie
(Mauger their height) low in obſcuritie;
And all thoſe ſwelling piles preceding time
Eſtabliſht, onely to blanch o're their crimes;
Or fortifie ſome name, againſt the rage
Of Fate, and the rude batteries of age
Shall be diſpers'd to aſhes, and be ſpent,
Clare-Hall ſhall be your laſting Monument.
And, though in other tombes youl'd ſhrink away,
And melt into corruption, and decay,
Your Fame this Charter to it ſelfe can give,
Within this Monument you'l ever live.

Vpon the ſight of a Tombe.

WElcome thou common Wardrobe, where we lay
(When we throw off the luggage of our clay)
Our weeds of earth, here the dull Peaſant ſhall
(Bating the pomp only o'th Funerall)
Sleep even as warm under his turfe alone,
As Kings beneath their coverlets of ſtone.
Here ſlave, and tyrant, in this Marble Cell,
Shall calmly meet, and both together dwell,
Mingled into one heap of duſt: here thoſe
That, to improve their intereſt, do poſe,
And tire their wearied thoughts out, to diſplay
Some Engine, by whoſe powerfull ſuccour, they
May claſp their wide and vaſt deſigne, will finde,
When they have ſtretcht endeavour, to unwinde
Their wild attempts, this Earth is but a ball,
Which when they ſtruggle for to graſp, will fall

To

To duſt between their hands, and never ſuffice
Their ſpatious thoughts, till't ſtop both mouth and eyes.
Here thoſe refulgent eyes, that from their bright,
And radient ſtock of glances, ſhed ſuch light
Through every part of our dark Orb, they ſhone
A Conſtellation in our Horizon,
Like two inanimate blind cinders, muſt
Lie rak'd up in a ſhuffled heap of duſt:
Nay and that fire, which did ſo often dart
Flame into Lovers breſts, till either heart
Glow'd with a mutuall fervour, muſt be here
Drown'd in the deluge of a Funerall teare,
And in this cabinet of ruines lie,
A tribute paid unto mortalitie:
Onely thoſe nobler and eternall Fires
Devotion in our melting ſoules inſpires,
Shall (when this frame ſinks into duſt, and all
The heat that warmes this maſſe of earth, ſhall fall
Into ſome gloomy vault) ſoare upwards, hence,
Borne on the wings of peace, and innocence.

On my ſelfe being ſicke of a Feaver.

LOrd, I confeſſe, I do not know
Whether my duſt ſhall yet, or no,
I'th furnace of this Feaver, be
Calcin'd into Eternitie:
Whether through this red Sea of blood,
Which in ſuch a ſwelling flood
From the unſluced channell ran,
I ſhall paſſe o're to Canaan:
Or that theſe ſweats ſhall waſh away
From off my ſoule that heap of clay,
In which, as in ſome narrow ſhell,
She, like ſome lazie ſnaile, did dwell:

If it be now thy fatall doome,
That I muſt melt into a Tomb,
There by the laſt dayes fire once more
To be made refined Ore,
And ſo receive thy ſtamp agin,
No more to be raz'd out by ſin;
And that this Flame I glow with, ſhall
Into my hollow Marble fall,
Then warme my ſoule with heavenly fire,
That as theſe ſmokie heats expire,
I being wing'd with that may flie
Vp to Immortalitie.

On the noyſe of Thunder.

BY Nature w'are inform'd, that when a Cloud
Vapours endow'd with heat and cold do ſhroud
The active hot, the ſluggiſh cold aſſaile
So long, till both diſſolve their watrie Jaile,
And break their watrie chaines, when through the aire,
The glittring lightning ſpreads its fluent haire;
So from thoſe factious ſtrugglings, and thoſe throwes
This clouds ore-laden womb is torne with, growes;
That diſmall clafhing, and the noyſe we heare,
Which ſo amazes the aſtoniſht Eare:
But theſe are but conjectures, it may bring
Its riſe and growth from a far higher ſpring;
For ſome malignant Exhalations,
Drawne from a Mine of Sulphur, by the Suns
Reflex may be inflam'd, or elſe that Fire
The upper Region darts, may Flame inſpire:
Nay more, ſome ſullen Vapour, which like Hay,
Being long bound up in liquid fetters, may
Give fire unto it ſelfe, or there may be
Some other dark and gloomie cauſe, which we

Cannot

Cannot, whilſt duſt hangs in our eyes deſcrie,
Which may become its firſt Incendiarie:
God has lockt up the Meteors in a miſt,
Which skreenes them from our ſight, could we untwiſt
The ſecond cauſes, and divide that Line
That Nature ties, yet could we not untwine
The threds they're woven out of, or unwind
The Mint, where their firſt Principles were coin'd.
Lord, when thou ſpeak'ſt in thunder from thy Throne,
The Eccho of thy Voyce ſhall be a grone;
When thou unclaſp'ſt the windowes of the Skies,
Supreme Divinitie, unſluce mine eyes,
That when the ſpangled Aire its lightning weares,
Thoſe Flames may be put out with contrite teares.

On one cured of the Stone.

OVr firſt Originall from ſtones we drew,
Ere ſince *Deucalion* and old *Pyrrha* threw
Stones into men, and ſince by a defect
In Nature, and the ſins we daily act,
We hatch that in us, which declares to all,
We ſomething of our firſt Originall
Still treaſure up, which is preſerv'd within
The caverns of the Lungs, or Reins, and in
The circuit of the Bladder, which we try
To cruſh, by each approved remedy,
Which peradventure ſcatters it, yet ſtill
We leave untoucht the root that fed this ill,
We may the ſtone i'th Bladder cure, tis true,
And that that grates upon the Reins ſubdue;
But yet no Oyle, no Antidote, or Art,
But only Grace, can cure the ſtone i'th Heart.

A Parley between an Epicure and a Chriſtian.

Ep. VVHy doſt thou thus deface thy ſelf with tears,
Before th'art tenanted by years?
Call in thoſe briny ſhowers of dew, thine eyes
Contribute as ſad Obſequies,
To the untimely Funerall of that grace,
Which did before adorne thy face.
Ch. Fond man, theſe teares are by mine eyes allow'd,
To ſerve me for a Chryſtall ſhroud,
In whoſe thin folds, I my old man may hide,
By contrition mortifide;
And with theſe drops wipe off thoſe ſpots of ſin,
Which have ſo ſtain'd my ſoule within.
Ep. But why with throngs of grones do you enlarge
The Theame of ſorrow, and diſcharge
Volleyes of ſighs, that breath were better ſpent,
In tricking up a complement,
By which you might a Ladies heart ſurprize,
And yet her breſt ne're prejudice.
Ch. Vaine man, theſe ſighs, I like my Proxie ſend
To Heaven, that there they may attend
My ſcaling that bright Manſion, and be
My Advocates to plead for me,
When all by Gods citation ſummon'd are,
To be arraigned at his Bar.
Ep. But I adjure you to informe me, why
You to ſuch harſh auſteritie
Farme out each houre, and to ſuch ſtrictneſſe wed
Your life? as if y'had long been dead,
And your ſoule only mov'd a corps, your frame
Such rigid faſts, to curb and tame
Your carnall tumults baniſhing delight,
The Confines of your Appetite:

Deſiſt

Deſiſt this rigour on your ſelfe to act,
Since y'are not able to detect,
Whether or no, when you your breath reſigne,
Any part of you ſhall decline
Th'arreſt of Death, ſince Fate ſayes all muſt go,
But whither, who can living know?
Ch. Foole, therefore do I thus attempt to curb
Thoſe paſſions, that would diſturb
My purer thoughts, my fleſh with faſts empaire,
And employ my tongue in prayer,
Checking the wild rebellions of my earth,
And ſtrangling of them in their birth;
That being deveſted of that earthy weight,
Which did oppreſſe, and clog my Faith,
I might on wings of Contemplation flie,
And ſoare beyond the vaulted skie;
And by the ſcrutinie of Faith, Opticks ſee,
What place in Heaven's deſign'd for mee,
Ep. What is that Faith you vaunt of? I have read
Natures large Book, contemplated
Philoſophies myſt'ries, but ne're could know
The cauſe from whence Faith firſt did flow.
Ch. You may in queſt of Natures ſecrets end
Myriads of years, and ages ſpend,
Till you all knowledge to your ſelfe ingroſſe,
Yet ne're know Faith, till you can ſpell Chriſts Croſſe.

A Collation between Death and Sleep.

DEath, and his drowſie kinſman, Sleep, agree
In all the ſymptomes of Conformitie;
Sleep's caus'd by eating, for the naturall heat
Entices exhalations from the meat,
Tranſfus'd to Chylus, which the Braine poſſeſſe
With an intoxicating drowſineſſe;

Death too by fatall eating firſt came in,
When our firſt Parents willfully did ſin,
And offer'd violence to Gods Decree,
Taſting the fruit of the forbidden tree:
And as when ſootie night her darkneſſe ſheds
Through the vaſt Concave of the aire, and ſpreads
A Vaile o're bright *Hyperion*, we deveſt
Our bodies, to compoſe our ſelves to reſt:
So our enfranchis'd ſoules ſhall likewiſe be
Diſroab'd o'th weeds of their Mortalitie,
VVhen death ſhall an eternall night diſperſe
Through all thoſe Functions that with life commerce.
And as when the great eye o'th day diſplayes,
In the illuminated aire, his Rayes,
The Light diſpers'd in glimpſes does inſpire
Our hands againe our bodies to attire;
So when the Trump at the laſt day ſhall all
By its ſhrill Summons to Gods Audit call,
And Chriſts the Sun of Righteouſneſſe ſhall come,
To diſtribute to th' world a publike Doom,
Our moulder'd and disbanded bodies muſt
Quit the cloſe confines of their beds of duſt,
To cloath again our widdow'd Soules, and be
Enſtated both with Immortalitie.

In ſeipſum Febre iterum correptum,
& pene confectum

HEu me, Qualis edax liquefactis Oſſibus Ignis,
Incubat? attritas quæ laſſat Flamma Medullas,
Quis Calor in Cineres redigit ſinuoſa Cerebri
Tegmina? quæ tortos laxant Incendia nervos?
Quæq; fatiſcentes obſtipant Nubila ſenſus,
Et cæcos volvunt ad inertia Lumina Fumos?
Vt plane Ætnæi ſum mœſta Figura Camini;
Nam veluti Ignivomi ſerpunt è vertice Clivi,

Vndantes

Vndantes flammæ fumis, & ſulphure anhelat
Mœſtus Apex montis, coctoque bitumine fervet:
Dum glacie obſtrictus torpet pes montis inerti
Qua Boreæ afflatus torpentes evomit auras,
Quæ macra effuſis obſtipant arva pruinis:
Frigora Plumata ſic dum nivis æmula, pigros
Invaſere pedes, calefacta per Ilia ſerpunt
Fœcundi flammis ignes, qui naribus halant
Perque Apicem capitis, fumoſa incendia volvunt.
In me congeſtas fundat puer Hydrius undas
Huc glomerent Plëades nimbiſque impactus Orion
Implicitas nubes, & denſa volumina aquarum
Hic reſerunt, calidas quæ ſic effuſa Favillas
Ignitæ febris deleant, quâ totus aduror,
Et quâ mareentes populantur ſanguinis artus
Flamma poteſt febris tantos vibrare dolores?
O Deus æterne eſt qualis tunc flamma Gehennæ?

On himſelfe being ſtung by a Waſp.

WHen firſt this buſie teſtie Waſp did fix
His ſting in me, and did his venome mix
With my untainted bloud, my skin begun
To ſwell to an Impoſthumation.
How did each part by ſympathie complaine,
Stretch'd and diſtorted on the rack of paine?
What flames did this Incendiarie fling
From out the narrow quiver of his ſting,
Into each part? which through my veins were thrown,
And through each Nerve and Arterie were blown.
If then a Waſp can ſo afflict each ſenſe,
How great muſt be the ſting of conſcience?

On the Nativitie of our Saviour.

VVHo can forget that ne're forgotten night,
That ſparkled with ſuch unaccuſtom'd Light?
Wherein when darkneſſe had ſhut in the day,
A Sun at midnight did his beams diſplay;
And God who mans fraile houſe of earth compos'd
Himſelfe in a fraile houſe of earth enclos'd,
Who did controule the Fire, Aire, Sea, and Earth,
Was clad with all theſe foure, and had a birth
In time, who was begotten before time,
Received a birth, or th' early Sun did climb
Th' aſcent o'th Eaſt, whom the vaſt Aire, and Main,
And Precincts of the earth could not contain,
Is circumſcrib'd now in ſo briefe a roome,
Hee's lodg'd i'th circuit of a Virgins womb;
Who light to him, that was all Light, did give,
And made him, who was life it ſelfe, to live:
Who in her arms bore him, whoſe hand controules
The maſſie Globe, and bears up both the poles:
And what improv'd the Miracle begun,
He was at once her Father, Spouſe and ſon:
VVho then his Mother was by farre more old
Yet equall age, did with his Father hold,
VVho was a child, yet with his word did make
The world, and with his voice this world can ſhake:
Now Truths great Oracle it ſelfe was come,
The Faithleſſe Oracles were ſtrucken dumb.
No marvell if the Shepherds ran to ſee
Him, that ſhould everie Shepherds Shepherd bee:
VVho was the Door, through whom a certain way
To find out life, for all loſt ſheep there lay:
And though this Sun of Righteouſneſſe did lie
VVrapt up in Clouds of darke Obſcurity,
Yet he could ſuch a ſtock of light allow,
As did the Heavens with a new Star endow,

VVhich

Which with its beames did gratefully attend
Him, who at first those streams of light did lend,
And by the Conduct of its Rayes did bring
The Easterne Kings to see their heavenly King.
And though all Stars, by Natures Lawes, does run
A course contrariant to the course o'th Sun;
Yet loe, her Statutes violated were,
For here the Sun was followed by a Starre.

On Christs Passion, a Descant

DArkneſſe had now clos'd up the worlds bright eye,
And drawne a Maske of vapours o're the skie;
And all the beamy tapers of the night
In sable clouds had muffled up their light.
Twas Pietie called in their beames, th'ad been
Found Acceſſarie else to such a sin,
They ne're could have assoil'd, though from their sphearn
They should themselves have drop'd i'th shape of tears:
They had lent light and influence to betray
Him, from whose light they borrow'd every ray.
When with her pitchy Exhalation
Night had thus vail'd the lustre of the sun,
A Catarract of armed men did powre
Themselves into that Garden, where each flowre
By th' Incense of those Prayers that Christ expir'd
A balmy stocke of fresh Perfumes acquir'd:
And being now broake in, did forthwith run
With glimmering torches, to find out the Sun;
Yet could not this thick cloud of men benight
This glorious Lamp, the Fountaine of all light,
Till th' interposing of false *Iudas* lips
Obscur'd his beams, and caus'd a black Eclipse:
Yet when he snatcht his treacherous lips away,
He straight shot forth such a refulgent Ray,

The Souldiers by their darkned eyes did find,
Th' Excellencie o'th Object ſtruck them blind:
But as a dying Tapour, when it ſtreames
Its fainting light forth in contracted beams,
Muſters together all its fickly rayes,
VVith thoſe to ſtock and furniſh out one blaze;
Our Saviour, ſo to intimate, that He
Still held a League with his Divinitie,
Cited together ſuch a ſtock of Light,
That He aſtoniſht the dull gazers ſight,
And by a ſudden damp ev'n ſtruck them blind
That were made ſo before i'th eye o'th mind,
Scattering them all to th' Earth, when they were even
About to captivate the King of Heaven;
But when he ſummon'd in his beames to be
Again wrapt up in his humanitie,
And he appear'd to them in's old array,
Cloath'd in a garment woven out of clay,
Not ſpangled o're with thoſe Majeſtick Rayes,
Which did at once enlighten and amaze,
They ſtraight invade him; and his guiltleſſe hands
Twiſted in one with wreaths of cords, (whoſe bands
Loos'd them) then guard him to the Judgement-hall,
Who had for guard the Quire Angelicall.
And now th' high Prieſt is brought to be accus'd
Before the high Prieſt, who ſcoft at, and traduc'd
Him, unto whom he his own Prieſthood ow'd,
And from which Spring all other Prieſthood flow'd:
And then tranſmitted him, (who once ſhall come
To doom all Mankind) to receive his doom
From *Pilates* mouth, who though there did ariſe
Thick Exhalation from thoſe Calumnies
The black-mouth Jewes belch'd forth, could clearly ſee,
Through thoſe dark vapours Chriſts Integritie;
And did his Innocence ſo much reſent,
That he decreed to wave his puniſhment,

And leave *Barrabas*, to be offer'd on
Their Altar, for his expiation:
But they to their first purposes did cleave
VVith so much malice, they their King did leave,
And chose an abject Thiefe, unhappy they,
To let *Barabbas* steale their hearts away:
Which when he saw, and that they still went on
T'exact of him *Christs* Crucifixion,
He left them to their rage, and from his blood
VVasht his pale hands, who with a crimson flood
VVasht off our sins, so that for this black deed
VVater it selfe did expiation need.
VVhen thus the Jewes their Saviour had surpris'd
(VVho for their sins was to be sacrific'd)
They to a feeble Pillar straight did chaine
The Pillar that did Natures Frame sustaine,
And with rude stripes to plough his back begin,
Whose stripes doe heale the wounds impos'd by sin:
The souldiers next with supple knees do bring
A faigned Haile unto their reall King,
And with a Crowne of thornes his head empound,
VVho with a Crowne of Glorie could surround
Their wretched heads, then spit at, and dispise
Him, that with spittle gave the blind man eyes:
(Strange Prodigie, the King of Kings has none
But spittle for his holy Vnction)
And with those hands he gave them does embase
VVith scarres the sacred impresse of his face:
His bodie with a scarlet Robe they dresse,
VVho clothes the naked with his Righteousnesse;
And for an awfull Scepter in his hand,
They place a Reed, whose Scepter does command
The spacious Bulk of Nature, and controules
That massiie Globe that hangs between the Poles.
VVhen they had thus a cloud of hatred shed
In showers of scoffs upon his guiltlesse head,

They lead him to mount Calvarie, where he
Was to wind up his direfull Tragedie;
And by the way enforc'd himſelfe to beare
His Croſſe, which was reciprocally there
To beare up him, where being arriv'd, he's laid
Vpon the Croſſe, his Altar to be made,
The publike Sacrifice, and expiate
The guilt of Sin, and cruſh the power of Fate:
And now made ragged with his wounds, and rent
With inward torture, being emboſt, and ſpent
With this laſt agonie, he did addreſſe
Himſelfe t'implore ſome Julip, to ſuppreſſe
The flames of thirſt; the Jewes did ſtraight prefer
A ſpunge, which was bedew'd with vinegar,
To calme his ſcorching thirſt, who did unlock
The ſtony Caſquet of the barren Rock,
And thaw'd its liquid treaſures, to redreſſe
That thirſt, which Iſrael ſorcht i'th wilderneſſe:
Yet though he cleft that Rock, he could not part
The rock contracted in each Jewiſh heart.
When Chriſt had taſted this ſowre Opiate,
And ſaw the Propheſies had ſpun their Fate,
His breath exhaled to purge the aire, and he
Reſign'd his tir'd and wearied Soule, to be
Tranſported, on the downy wings of Bliſſe,
Vp to the ſpangled vault of Paradiſe;
And with it flew the good Theefes ſoule, who even
Stole life at death, and made a theft of Heaven:
But leſt that Chriſt, with ſuch neglect ſhould fall,
He might want Rites to grace his Funerall,
The Sun call'd in his light, to ſpecifie,
That men durſt do that which he durſt not ſee;
Day put on Night, leſt ſhe ſhould ſeeme to lack,
For to great loſſe, her Ceremonious Black;
The palſied Earth ſo ſhook, as if her womb,
She meant to open, and become his Tomb;

The Dead deſerted their cold Vrnes, to ſee
Him, that o're Death could claime a victorie:
So that it ſeemes, ev'n Nature here did turne
A Mourner too, t'attend him to his Vrne:
And now, being dead, a Speare was through his ſide,
By a rude hand diſmiſt, which wound may hide
Our numerous ſins, or if there be not roome,
We may inter them all within his Tomb:
The Souldiers too, in lots their fortunes drew,
To ſee to whom Chriſts garments would accrue,
As a juſt Prize, they dreaded to diſſect
His ſeameleſſe Coat, yet that we daily act,
Which by theſe barbarous Souldiers ne're was done,
We part his Coat by our diviſion.
Whilſt thus Chriſts veſtments were in Lotterie,
Expos'd a prey to Fortune, *Joſeph*, he
Pilate (with eyes thaw'd into teares) implor'd
Chriſts body torne with wounds might be reſtor'd:
Thrice happie man, the Body he obtaines,
And his owne ſoule too by that purchaſe gaines;
And having now his lawfull Boon fulfill'd,
He gather'd all thoſe Balmes that were diſtill'd
From weeping Trees, and took thoſe unctious teares,
That Myrrha in a Tree impriſon'd weares,
And made this confluence of Balſoms meet
All in Chriſts wounds, that they might make it ſweet;
Then in white Linnen did his Corps enſhrine,
Whoſe innocence did cloath his ſins as fine:
And next, this ſacred Relique did inter
In the dark climate of a Sepulcher,
Hewen in a Rock: Oh! who'ld not breathe a grone?
The Rock it ſelfe is laid beneath a Stone.

A divine Aſpiration.

O Thou who art the good Samaritan,
Whoſe hand, when ſin both ſtrips and woundeth, can
Shed ſuch a balme upon us, 't will enſure
Thoſe wounds from rankling, and improve their cure.
Be, as thou art, the Embleme of the Vine,
And in my wounds powre in thy oyle, and wine.
And, as thou heretofore the rock didſt part,
So with thy grace, Lord, cleave my ſtonie heart.
Naile to thy Croſſe my ſins, and let them have
A room to burie them within thy grave.
Thy ſtripes can heale my ſtripes, thy righteouſneſſe
My Scarlet ſins with its white robe can dreſſe.
The water lav'd out at thy wounded ſide,
Will waſh my guilt off, and that ſupple tide
Which from that ſluce in ſuch full ſtreams did bleed.
My ſoule, even hunger-ſtarv'd with ſin, ſhall feed.
Thy wounds ſhall be my wounds, thy teares ſhall be
My teares; for, thy whole paſſion was for me.
Let thy all-ſaving merits but ent wine
My tottering faith; thy heaven too ſhall be mine.

On the future burning of the World.

NO more ſhall the o're-laden clouds diſſolve
In ſpouts of raine, and ſo the world involve
In a wild deluge, which ſhall ſwell ſo high,
Its towring height ſhall tempt the vaulted skie;
And even invite the ſullen ſtarres, to weare
Vpon each glittring beame a mourning teare;
Which they againe ſhall mutually let fall,
As a Rite due to the worlds Funerall.
No more ſhall warie mankinde, to beguile
The rage o'th Flood, lurk in a wooden Ile:

But

But when the tainted world is ſo defil'd
With her pollutions, and ſo deeply ſoil'd
With the dark ſpots of ſin, that 'twere but vaine
To think, that water ſhould wipe off each ſtaine
That ſullies it; God will diſplay his ire
In cataracts of all-conſuming fire,
With which this Globe of Earth ſo long ſhall burn,
Till it into repentant aſhes turn:
And, till, at laſt, it but one Torch become,
To light expiring Nature to her Tombe.

On a Gentleman buried in one grave with his daughter, before deceaſed.

READer, thoſe ſleep beneath this ſtone,
Whom life made two firſt out of one;
But having now reſign'd their breath,
They will grow one againe by death.
For, ſhould we on his grave intrude,
To view how much viciſſitude
Attends on Nature, and how ſhe
Masks her ſelfe in varietie
Of numerous ſhapes, and after date
To paddle in his ſepulcher,
Amongſt his duſt, we might inferre,
He was ſhuffled into her.
For, time determines, that both muſt
Reſolve into one heap of duſt:
But when the world it ſelfe expires,
Panting with heat, and God requires
Each gloomy vault, and hollow tombe,
To open its corrupted wombe,
And give their aſhes, which were pent,
And cas'd up there, enfranchiſement,
That being re-edified, they may
No more be obvious to decay,

Or Natures Tumults, this laſt birth
Will diſunite their mingled Earth:
And, as their firſt life did divide them, ſo
This ſecond life again will make them two.

On thought of our Reſurrection.

WHo can be of ſo cow'd a Soule, hee'ld feare
To be regenerate i'th ſepulcher,
Since who exactly looks into the tombe,
Shall finde 'tis but the embleme of the wombe,
To which wee're not confin'd, but truſted, ſo,
As if we lay there *in depoſito:*
For, when our duſt is gather'd into th'urne,
It lies but hoſtage till the ſoules returne.
And, as the Phœnix, when ſhe gaſping lies
Vpon her tragick pile of Spiceries,
And glowes with heat, her fleſhie cinders muſt,
By the Suns rayes, be martyr'd firſt to duſt,
Before her pregnant aſhes can redeem
Themſelves from ruine, or again can teem
With a new Phœnix: ſo, before this earth
We beare about us, can improve its birth
To immortality, its whole compact
Muſt firſt be ſo disjoynted, and ſo ſlackt,
It fall to duſt; and then 'twill moulded be
To ſuch a body, that Eternitie
It ſelfe ſhall farme that Tenement, which ſhall
No more be obvious to a Funerall.
And, as before men can compile, or frame
Their glaſſes, they their aſhes firſt i'th flame
Tranſfuſe to Chryſtall; ſo, before our duſt
Can be aſſoil'd from excrements, or ruſt,
Ravel'd amongſt it by our tombes, and be
Improv'd to ſuch a cleare tranſparencie,

It

It shall no more incumber, or controule
The eye from taking a furvey o'th soule;
It must be by the generall fire refin'd,
And be to a translucent Masse calcin'd:
So shall each tombe become Gods Mint, where He
(Our earth being purg'd from all impuritie)
Will on it coyne the Image of his Face,
Which Time no more, nor death shall re're deface.

FINIS.

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